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ADDRESS.

WHOEVER has but slightly analyzed the principles by which the various pursuits that occupy the life of man, connect themselves with his mind and heart, has often, we doubt not, been inclined to distrust the process he has employed, so great is his astonishment at the result of his investigation. The test to which he has submitted his own opinions, has discovered the secret power that controls and directs them, while it developes all the combinations of motive which impel the mass who mingle with him in the same common enterprize.

That principle is individual elevation—that motive, stripped of its apparent purity, is merely selfish, seeking for him who indulges it personal advantage and personal ease, without reference to its influence on the character or happiness of others. It is a dark page in the history of our race, which contains this record, but it is written, and has been for more than fifty centuries; and he is not just to himself or the world, who has not read it often, with humility and sorrow.

The age in which we live, in many of its aspects, is unlike all preceding time: there is an uniqueness in the mode of thought, a boldness in effort, an unsatisfied an ever-restless spirit which distinguishes our era; and the moral world but sympathizes with the politi-

cal and physical in the vastness of its changes, and the tremendous energy with which one event succeeds another. We stand, as it were, at the termination of a grand series of dispensations, with the benefit of the experience and the power of the whole past; and it becomes us, as we tread the threshold of the mighty scenes that await us, and in which for good or ill we must bear our part, to reject all the dogmas of past ages; to feel that there is a light and a heat to be poured out in the era to come, which will exhibit man as he ought to be, a part of this great Universe, and yet harmonizing with his fellow, and moving in his sphere with so just a conception of the rights of others, that the moral world will be in glorious analogy with the course of the planets, suns and stars.—It is no longer a paradox, that every creature of God, who is endowed with reason, has the power and privilege to think and act as a freeman, in the largest and holiest sense of the term. No bounds but the infinite can stay his intellectual flights, and no limit but time can circumscribe his usefulness or his responsibility. The miserable distinctions of birth, fortune, or adventitious rank, have become of little worth—mere antiquated abstractions, pointing out to the lofty as well as the lowly of our day, that the palace and the cottage are but the same mansion, when virtue, and honor, and intelligence are their inmates.

The destiny then of the present and the coming age depends upon the power to be exerted by those who act as well as those who think. There is a gradation in labor, as well as in mind; but there is one purpose to be accomplished by the union of all our hands, our minds, and our hearts, and that purpose is the happi-

ness of our whole race. The poor Indian who delves in the Mexican mines, or washes the sands of Brazil for some precious stone, holds a relation to the silver, the gold, and the diamond, as intimate and indispensable as the chemist who assays and purifies the metal, or the lapidary who polishes the gem: and the fatherless child, worn down by incessant toil, in watching the movements of the spindle that its little hand supplies with the raw material, while the delicate fibre is attenuated to gossamer texture, has performed no unimportant part in the completion of those curious fabrics which the ingenuity of the artizan is continually producing. And though in the heartless career of fashionable folly, where the sparkling ornament or the gilded pageant glitter their brief hour, the humble instrument whose efforts were first tasked to make up the wardrobe of wealth and royalty, are unheeded and unremembered; in a far higher sense they fill a space in the annals of their day, that cannot be misunderstood or unfelt.

From the most rude attempts up to the proudest triumphs of art, every step is a conquest; every gradation a proof of the infinite power of the mind to expand itself; and in the structure of whatever is grand, or intricate, or beautiful, every moment of labor expended, every arm employed, every blow struck, compose together the aggregate of skill and effort, which has produced the happy result.

Every sunbeam is but a brilliant union of luminous particles, and the mighty ocean supplies the dew-drop; even further, the fruit and the flower which that dew-drop nourishes, are but the blended portions of substances, by no one of which could they be either

produced or sustained. Our own bodies, the wonderful work of Jehovah, are dependent upon an infinite variety of parts, all essential to the perfect frame and the living man, each element performing its appropriate function, and the absence of either, directly or remotely affecting the whole.

Such then are our relations to each other, and the world, that our duty is not fulfilled, nor the end of our being accomplished, until we subject every faculty, every effort, our reason, our genius, to the great purpose of elevating the condition of our race.—The general proposition is, we trust, admitted, for it is but the echo of every truly generous heart; but it may be asked how is this evil to be remedied? What new means are proposed to change the already full and strong current of public feeling, and long acquired habit? And well may the question be asked, for the interrogatory admits the truth of our assertion. We do not wish to deal in generalities, lest we impress but a vague idea of our subject upon our audience, nor would we be too minute, in a merely popular address, as the discussion of a topic so vast might become tame. We propose to consider the power of sympathy to control, direct, and combine the different departments of human effort, and its happy influence when thus appropriated, over individual character.

We have said that the mind was operated upon most strongly, by a narrow view of duty, in the projection and accomplishment of its mightiest labors, and we reiterate the assertion. The philosopher who drew his geometrical problems in the sand, and he who rushed from the bath, proclaiming his grand discovery in physics, were, though perhaps in a less degree, guided

by the same spirit with the Grecian cynic, who traversed Athens during day-light with his lantern. In all these, there was a desire of pre-eminence—a proud conceit of superior intellect, which separated them from the multitude, and impaired the value of their teachings.

And thus it was with the study of alchemy for ages, and thus it has been with the teaching of those sciences which have grown out of that ancient profession, as their parent stock. With few exceptions, their tendency has been to contract, not expand the mind. Whatever has been felt, is rather the result of experiment, or the value of discovery, than a direct communication to the world as the tribute of an enlightened intellect to the race of which it is a part. In like manner we may trace the history of all the great and learned from the distant past to our own period, and the truth of the statement is manifest at every stage of our progress.

There have been, we admit, glorious exceptions, but they seem only to prove the general rule. Like FRANCIS XAVIER or JOHN HOWARD, their characters are delineated and their names written in the firmament above us.

We occupy, as has been observed, no ordinary position in the economy of this world's government; a system made up of discordant properties, and yet of nice adjustments; so intricate that the wisdom of man is scarcely able to compass its smallest elements, and yet so simple, when studied with a proper spirit, and touched by no rude hand, that the whole order of its laws meets at once the apprehension and the judgment. We are destined for high duties, and the departments of labor in which we move are the avenues to useful-

ness or to mischief; they conduct to great good or still greater evil. How important is it, that with all our attainments, we do not represent the pyramid of the desert, whose colossal proportions are lost in the sands that surround it. Those sands must be cultivated; that moral waste must feel the energy of our example, the full tide of our hearts must be poured out and mingled with the barrenness that every where meets our vision: and thus it will be that many a green spot will rise from the wilderness, an oasis in our journey to another and better world.

But what do we mean by sympathy in labor? We can readily understand the force of the expression, when it administers to the troubled spirit, and communes with the sorrowful. There is no mystery in the mighty power which is there exalted; there is no disposition to check its energies or deny its influence. It needs no personification then; it is palpable to the stricken heart as the rainbow tint is to the eye, an emanation of light and love from the Author of our being.

This element is a part of our moral nature, and is diffused throughout the whole man, ready to be developed whenever its sleeping vigor is called forth; and all men, too, possess it; it belongs to no favored class or sect, and yet in the capacity it enjoys of doing the greatest good, its effects are powerless.

Why is it thus repressed? Why do the mechanical and literary professions present the anomaly of mutual practical dependence, and yet no mutual sympathy? But on the contrary, the individual strives to make his personal identity more distinct, producing as a necessary consequence, an isolation of character, and position utterly inconsistent with the happiness and comfort of

others. We may perhaps account in some measure for this state of things, when we refer to the distrust which circumstances, originally immaterial, have produced in many very honest minds, of every other profession than their own. A jealousy of attainment, of capacity, even of popular distinction, has contributed its full share of evil. Under the guidance of such unsafe and treacherous teachers, the mind loses its expansion, and is contented with a limited view of its capacities. Thus counteracted, it falls back upon its own resources, erects a barrier to the further acquisition of knowledge, and refuses to affiliate with the generous and lofty in other pursuits, from the weak suspicion that there is something in the contact, that endangers personal interest or lessens self-conceit.

This, we will all admit, is a most slavish condition to impose upon an immortal being. Yet there are causes of blame and sources of evil that combine to produce it, which we ought not to hesitate to reprove and condemn. If there is a spot above all others, that any one man on earth is permitted to occupy, it is the elevation of superior talent, and extensive acquirement allowed by Heaven to prove the divinity of the human intellect, and its power to ameliorate the condition of our race. Short of these, he disappoints his destiny, who erects any other standard of duty. He who wraps himself in his great powers, and lives in his own existence above the world, while he is yet upon it, who without the will to pour out the treasures of his mind, and the sympathies of his heart, over the whole earth, that the spirits who are his fellow immortals here, and will be hereafter, may be encouraged, and strengthened, and purified, has failed in the great purpose for which

he was born, and dishonors the author of his existence. When such a gifted man plants himself upon his personal dignity, and keeps aloof from direct participation with his fellows, he gives at once occasion for distrust. They feel not the sympathy of immediate communion — they infer, and with propriety too, that the distance between them and him is substantial; hence suspicion is engendered, and coldness is its natural consequence. And there are lesser lights in the moral firmament, who borrow their shining from the mightier orbs, with the difference, however, that the more inferior they are, their obliquities are the more perceptible, for they then become most prominent. Take, for example, those who have in their own good opinion, or by the sufferance of the community, been taught to believe they belong to a caste, where peculiar advantages are enjoyed, and special privileges dispensed: mark the self-love and affected wisdom that are too often exhibited in the distinctive marks of their position, their indifference to all the social improvements, the moral advance, we should say, of their race. Follow them from the hall of debate, the laboratory, the lecture room, into practical life, and observe their unwillingness to mingle their acquirements with those who are engaged in less favored pursuits, except in the form of mere didactic teaching, or the less useful mode of essayists, submitting their modicum of whatever is intended to enlarge and elevate the human condition to intermediate instruments — thus erecting a barrier between the mass and themselves, which repels all personal contact, while it strengthens prejudice already too strongly imbibed. — We would not, let it be understood, require that merely popular communication with the multitude, which too

frequently betokens on the part of him who mingles in its busy excitement, equal selfishness with the retired scholar; for there is, and ever has been, a large class of educated men, who seek the applause of the public at any sacrifice, and by any means, who profess the most ardent attachment for their race, and yet in their practice miserably illustrate their sincerity and their honesty. But there is, and let us assure you there can be in a higher sense than the world has hitherto beheld it, a direct participation with the elements that are at work, in the extended field of science and art, impressing upon each department, the power by which it is impelled, without flattering pride, or deceiving generous confidence. It is this developement of excellence, that reaches our standard of duty—it wields a mighty dominion wherever it is exerted, and teaches in its noiseless yet triumphant course, what it is to have a just conception of man's true nobility.

When we reflect that eight hundred millions of intelligent beings are spread over a spheroid like our globe, who occupy a surface that would repel them, unless counteracted by an antagonist force which, while it surrounds us, preserves alike, at the poles and the equator, the same mysterious energy; and if perchance the tremendous agent should be withdrawn, that the infinity of space would become the common sepulchre of the millions who now inhabit our planet, does not the thought of such a catastrophe become a sentiment at once deep and salutary, impelling us to attach ourselves to each other by ties stronger even than death; to create a common interest in all that makes up the cloud and sunshine of our existence? But in the order of nature our earth is not to be thus unpeopled.

The necessary demand of the grave upon our species, nevertheless, is a modified exhibition of a universal ruin. How true is it then, that here, where are our infancy and our mature age, is the theatre for us to act, to contend for the mastery in all that is excellent and pure, to borrow the image of heaven, and reflect its brightness upon every step of our pathway.

We read in the history of the first Jewish temple, that while it was building, neither the sound of hammer nor axe, nor any tool with iron was heard. The several parts of that stupendous structure had been prepared so accurately, though many of them at a great distance, that they were readily adjusted by the artizans to whom the work was committed, and yet so perfectly that the silence of the inner and outer courts was not broken. In this vast enterprise, there was sympathy of labor and of mind, for the object to be attained inspired the hearts of all who directed and all who wrought. It might be truly said, that it was here "the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith," and "he that smoothed with the hammer, he that smote the anvil." What a lesson does this striking instance of harmonious effort read to the people of the nineteenth century, what a splendid moral is to be found in the simple statement of the fact—with what tenacity did the Israelites cling to the glorious edifice, even though its walls were thrice erected: there was an inspiration in its name which called up the deepest emotions of their souls; exile could not impair it, time or change destroy it; in all climes, wherever the sons of Jacob were scattered, their eyes rested on Jerusalem, and when in their visitations to the Holy City to celebrate their festivals, as they caught the first glance of their beloved

temple, the harp and the voice blended their heavenly music, as if the strains of Israel's monarch were again heard upon the mountains of Judah. The secret of this enthusiastic devotion is readily referred to the union of the whole art and skill of the twelve tribes in the sacred work, and the assurance that from its altar the daily sacrifice for the entire people ascended.

It would be a matter of curious inquiry to ascertain if the mosque of St. Sophia, the cathedral of St. Paul, or that of St. Peter, have ever produced such deep and lasting impressions.

Every man who contributed to the erection of the temple felt that his portion of labor was incorporated with the structure; and by association became identified with its hallowed ceremonies. And when at last, having survived the desolating hand of the Assyrian, the Roman eagle was planted on its devoted walls, then, even then, in daring and desperate agony, the dying descendant of Abraham sealed his love for the house of his fathers in blood and in fire.

Our condition is eminently favorable to the formation of such a sentiment, as that we have endeavored to illustrate. To say nothing of our peculiar responsibility in this advanced period of civilization, it is just to ourselves that an improvement so desirable should at least be begun now, that posterity may be benefitted by its results.

However formidable we appear in the aggregate, we are, let it be told in sober truth, a divided people. Discontent is fast insinuating itself throughout our land. Causes of collision and peril, even, are abroad, that are constantly unfolding in their worst aspects. There would seem, as was powerfully said on another occa-

sion, to be a horizontal division of the elements which compose our public and private welfare. From harmonious action has arisen discordant opposition; without appreciating the dependence which each part has upon its opposite, to produce a combined, a useful effort, every power has its individual impulse, and operates without sympathy in its own narrow sphere. Hence the excitement, the convulsive excitement of parties, stimulated by a narrow view of the greatest good, and striving for the mastery, that man, and man only, may be elevated. Hence the loosening of the bonds that unite our institutions to all that is pure and elevated; an upheaving of old foundations, that curiosity may speculate upon their original structure, or desperate innovations crush the time-honored fabric in the miserable desire to establish some favored theory, or give substance and name to some fugitive abstraction.

We have fallen upon evil times, and this our predicament is the common fate of the world. In a greater or less degree, the same influences are at work every where, exhibiting the fearful spectacle that the wisdom of man, uncontrolled by the higher teachings of philanthropy, is utterly inadequate to regulate the waywardness of our race. There is not a government of Europe that is safe; there is not one that perfectly meets the wants or the genius of the people. Arbitrary distinctions in society, or the more tyrannical authority of ecclesiastical establishments, without the life and spirit of religion, have but temporarily suppressed the slumbering energies of the fettered, but not subjugated mind. The great deep of thought and action is breaking up, and systems, and rules, and opinions, whose only merit was the submission they exacted, and the

despotism with which they were enforced, are passing away, with the causes that produced, and the tameness which tolerated them. But there is a marked difference between the old world and ours; our government is one of opinion, professing to be, and we all feel that it is, republican in the largest sense of the term. Theirs is either the tyranny of absolutism, or a modified supremacy, with all the machinery of primogeniture, established orders, and hereditary rank. When we therefore refer to other nations, we do not wish to run the parallel further than to indicate the appearance of an epoch, which eighteen centuries ago was foretold, when in the solemn and graphic language of Holy Writ, there should be "signs in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, and upon earth distress of nations and perplexity, the waves and the sea roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear."

Such then is the spectacle that our planet presents to the vision of the philanthropic moralist, and in a higher sense to him who believes that from this confusion of principles and dogmas, substantial good will be eduved, having faith that if every human system should be engulfed, they will re-appear, conjoined with more strength, and exhibit a more beautiful union of the several parts. If the law of force, whether of opinion or of physical power, has proved too weak to control the freeborn spirit, the law of love, embodying the essential elements of the government of Heaven, will be at once efficacious and all-prevailing.

Who then is sufficiently bold to admit the possibility, that the change can be produced in our communications with each other, which we have endeavored to define as well as enforce? The statement of the great truth

we feel demands implicit respect, for it addresses itself to the judgment and the conscience, with arguments that cannot be resisted.

But the mode to accomplish the glorious end, "this is the labor, this the work." We know that the project may be deemed by many as utterly unattainable, so many difficulties surround it, so much moral as well as physical opposition is to be overcome; and this view is but the answer of the incredulous mind to every startling proposition. It was the unbelieving spirit which shut up GALILEO in a dungeon, and pronounced COLUMBUS a visionary theorist. Yet who does not now venerate the Italian philosopher, and what American does not honor the discoverer of his own free land.

Obstacles must and will ever interrupt our moral progress, while the mind and the heart are in the process of discipline; but what has been attained in the giant struggles of intellect, is but a faint type of the more enlarged and glorious developments that will be unfolded when the heart is permitted to expand itself to its highest capabilities.

If the obscure but noble few who pledged themselves to total abstinence a few years ago, in a sister city, have infused sympathy throughout the land, when the most confiding and hopeful would not have dared to believe it could have been felt, if appeals warm from their own hearth-stones and hallowed by the rejoicing tears of love and home, have penetrated like the sunlight the darkest regions of our own valley, and called up from the dead the strong man bound in the chains of appetite, if their appeals have, like the earthquake that rent the Philippian prison, burst the slavery of

passion, and restored immortal man to the image of the Deity, need we doubt that the same principle which impelled this glorious revolution of our day, may not, when directed to other departments of human responsibility, produce in the delightful harmonies it can create in the fields of labor and of mind, another and still more interesting era in the history of man?

Let it be attempted. There is a necessity that such a revolution should take place; and once commenced, it must go on till its completion. Already we discern the tokens of its approach: the seed is preparing, and posterity will, we trust, reap a noble harvest. This change, of all human expedients, can alone counteract the evil tendencies of our times; for we have already learned that law, government, example are alike inefficient to check, or even modify the spirit of reckless men, when pride and interest unite to urge them onward. We may set bounds to individual privilege by enactment or supervision; penalties, imprisonment, death may be held in terror over the depraved and desperate, yet all are unavailing in their practical tendencies, and ever will be, unless more of heart is mingled with every pursuit, unless our fellow-man is taught to know and feel that he is intimately, though mysteriously connected with us; that he is a unit and yet a link in the chain that binds earth to Heaven, a link that cannot be broken or even weakened, unless every other sympathizes with it. Here then is the safeguard and hope of the Republic; while it elevates it purifies; it will control the powerful, as it equalizes all power; it will restrain the aspiring, for there will be no motive for personal aggrandizement.

We have said that the epoch demands such a rev-

olution ; better, far better, to bear a part in its progress than to remain contented with the present dispensation and leave to others the honor of the victory.

We have dwelt with emphasis upon the fact that every thing around us betokens important changes, changes with the vastness of whose scope and the splendor of whose results we believe history can furnish no parallel. The indications of coming events are not the shadows merely which precede the epoch, but they are so clear that they might be termed palpable.

Why is it that within a brief period the channels of business, which heretofore were the avenues to wealth, have either become exhausted, or supply so sluggish, so scanty a stream? And this when the great sources of prosperity, industry, energy, and all the advantages of soil and climate are still unimpaired. Why is it that those cherished pursuits, which once led to fame and honor, are no longer the pathway to moral elevation or permanent usefulness—why is it, we would ask, that individual, as well as public wealth, whether we refer to our national or state institutions, have felt a power which has shaken their very foundations, if not already upheaved them?

Why is it that public and private faith have ceased to be governed by any settled rule of right, but fluctuate as expediency or mere caprice may dictate, presenting the spectacle of self-degradation, in an admission of an obligation honestly incurred, and at the same moment the bold refusal to requite it?

Why is it that expedient after expedient has been attempted, to restore commercial confidence and general credit, and one after the other utterly fails, and yet invention is still fertile in new plans, urging her favor-

ite theories, though they are each successively rejected? Experiment follows experiment, as "wave follows wave," and yet,

"Each billow we gaze on at morning ebbs from us,
 "And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone."

Let it not be said that these have been dependent on the success or defeat of any political party, or could be postponed or prevented by the sagacity of human legislation. He who refers our anomalous condition to such causes, has taken but a limited view of the past; he has, we fear, seldom, if ever, cast his eye with humble reverence beyond the present age. For ourselves, we have a firm conviction, that our day has thus unfolded so many developments of a power mightier than our own, to exhibit the weakness of man's best purposes, and the utter mutability of his plans; and when fortunes that have cost generations to amass, are swept away like the dust, and the most deeply wrought systems of finance, apparently so nicely adjusted that there must be a perfect harmony of their parts, become not only useless, but involve in their ruin, talent, reputation and honor, it is forced upon us with all the clearness of truth, that the world is in a state of transformation, that her destiny is not to be reached until an ordeal is passed alike unparalleled and severe. It is in vain to struggle with the current that is sweeping over our earth. It is neither to be diverted from its onward course, by the pride or wisdom of our race. The attempt would prove as fruitless as that of the impious Dane, who essayed to forbid the ocean to touch his puny royalty.

A few years since, our whole land was busied in the

haste to become rich. A feverish excitement pervaded the mass, and the earth, ocean, and air were laid under contribution to advance the selfishness of the grasping, or to gratify the pride of the already pampered mortal whose soul was in his gold. Speculation siezed every subject, every commodity; even time, short as it is, was too short for sober thought to be exercised, or prudence even to be consulted; with desperate eagerness the mere hope of future thrift was grasped at any hazard, and purchased at any price. Our region resembled the great Maelstrom of the North Sea. Every thought but interest, every desire but gain, was swallowed up in the whirling waters, and now we read the moral. They went down deep, deep into the abyss, and the shattered fragments of their plans, their hopes, their efforts, are now tossed upon the surface, without any apparent affinity for each other, without even the power of cohesion —

“Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

Our present state is one of comparative repose from this unnatural, this inflamed action, but we fear it is the same nation in collapse; a predicament at once perilous and painful. The happy medium between the two extremes never will be reached in the present condition of society, while dogmatism takes the place of ripened opinion, and flippancy passes so current for wisdom; more than all, when innovation is at work to add her portion of energy to the common ruin.

If we examine the statistics of the last two years, we shall find that throughout our country, as well as the globe, the loss of property by fire, tempest and shipwreck, has been immense, we should say without pre-

cedent for the same period in any former time. The destruction of human life from similar causes has been equally great, and when the scourges of pestilence and war are superadded, the roll of death presents its myriads.

Another and equally striking indication of change, is the position of the whole eastern world. The Ottoman empire continues merely by the forbearance of the allied powers. Its Sultan, no longer commanding, is now controlled. Palestine is fast peopling with the descendants of Abraham, and free toleration is permitted to religious worship. Persia is swayed by the diplomacy of Europe, and central Asia, after a series of bloody conflicts, is under the influence of Britain. But the most astonishing events are those connected with China. Within a very brief period, the English arms have penetrated the Celestial Empire, and laid her noblest cities under contribution: a few thousand troops have overcome millions, and subjected to tribute the most populous nation on earth.

We say nothing of the motive that induced the conquest, or the mode in which it has been achieved: we only know it has been permitted by Heaven, and the purpose must be wise. We use the fact alone, and ask if the subjugation of three hundred and fifty millions of people by a nation so far removed, is not a startling proof that a momentous era is at hand?

We ought not to leave this division of our subject, without referring to the ecclesiastical excitements that pervade Christendom. Points of faith, vital to the Christian system, are disputed with more of zeal, and the spirit of proselytism, than have been exhibited since the Reformation. Forms of worship, prescribed

with the most minute exactness, insomuch that the shadow of the dark ages would seem to have fallen upon the nineteenth century: the deep oblivion of rites, and ceremonies, pontifical and hierarchal, has been broken up, where for ages sacerdotal pride and pomp had been buried; the extravagance of antiquated services, the blind devotion to the dogma of apostolic succession, the imposition of "heavy burthens," pronounced by our Divine Master "grievous to be borne," the exaltation of the priestly office so far above the simple economy of the Gospel dispensation, as to assume for practical purposes the power of infallibility, are revived in this era of intellectual light, and displayed as the evidence of deep self-denying piety,—as the refining process by which modern martyrology is to rival the long roll of the canonized, whose history is already written.

But this is one view only of this inflamed action in the religious world. A power is asserted to control the opinions of freemen: a union of usurped temporal authority with spiritual fanaticism, whose prototype may be found in the chronicles of Mahomet, or the times of Leo X; and this, in an age which arrogates to herself the lofty conception, that hers is the march of mind!

The indomitable love of the Scotch dissenter for the creed of his fathers, has gloriously rebuked such clerical tyranny in the land of the Covenanters. He has acknowledged no other master but his God, no other faith than what is taught in his Bible.—It was a sublime spectacle, when six hundred ministers abandoned the establishment, without churches or the means of daily support, trusting to Him who feeds the

ravens; while beneath the canopy of Heaven they taught, on the hill-side, or by the sea-shore, their scattered flocks: yes, that heroic band inscribed anew upon the world's history,

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
"And all are slaves beside."

There is, we are assured, among us no dearth of the Puritan spirit, whenever and wherever it may be fit to evoke it. If blows are to be struck, let them fall only in defence of our common faith — our fathers' heritage — the richest treasure of their sons.— Man never conferred the privilege of thought, and he who claims to subject it, as well as he who is so craven as to surrender it, are alike criminal in the sight of Heaven.

Thus it is, our respected audience, we think, will feel that an examination of what is in progress around us, must produce deep and abiding impressions of our responsibility to our race, to ourselves, and our God. How shall we requite it? How shall we be prepared for the duties and the privileges that may await us? It is just, it is truly noble to inquire — Is it to sleep on and float down the stream of life, the creature of our own will, the object of our only solicitude, and die at last, as thousands have died, leaving no trace on the sands of time of a traveller to eternity; or shall it be rather, by an indulgence of the sympathies of our whole heart, and the chastened influence of our intellect, we shall so connect ourselves with each other, that our race shall be united in a common brotherhood, whose only law will be love, exhibiting the beautiful elements of that high character, which Deity has given us the ability to acquire and sustain.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY :

The speaker has fulfilled, in an imperfect manner, the duty of addressing, at your solicitation, this intelligent audience. He has attempted to develope motives for effort, connected with the most cherished pursuits, we should say, the highest interests of our race. If he has succeeded to impress even but slightly the hearts and the minds of his hearers, his labor is more than rewarded. In the multitude before him, he beholds the mysterious yet beautiful union of intellect, with all that ennobles and refines our nature, even that sympathy of the affections, which owns every immortal being as its fellow, while it claims a portion of all our powers as the common property of the great brotherhood of man.

To you the subject he has discussed is peculiarly applicable. The world has not yet claimed you: life has appeared only in its sunshine: the morning we should have said has scarcely dawned; the hue and the fragrance of the blessed spring-time have not as yet passed away. All is now hope --- blissful, animating hope. But trust not, that this is your destiny; think not the past or the present are types of the future. In the conflicts yet to be borne, the duties yet to be fulfilled, believe us, that the purposes of your creation will be developed, your capacity for good or for evil unfolded, your true character exhibited. These will bring with them trials to test your integrity; they will call forth the noble as well as the depraved elements of your being; the love of fame will tempt your ambition, the allurements of pleasure whisper in the unguarded ear, wealth and the desire of rule will press their claims upon your selfishness: you will be surrounded by

peril. Yet your responsibilities cannot for a moment be postponed; they gather importance, they become more rigid as your ability to serve your race is enlarged.

Who then, you may ask, is sufficient for the effort? Who can pass the ordeal in safety? The answer comes to you with deep and solemn sanctions. Begin now, even here, to learn the lessons of eternal wisdom, not in the pages of Greek and Roman lore, not in the researches of the mathematician or the philosophy of the schools, but in the simple yet sublime teachings of the Word of God. Learn there your origin, your unfettered moral volition, your relationship to the spiritual world, the discipline which is to prepare you to fulfil the high purposes for which you were born, the perfect adaptation of means to our moral wants, which purify, elevate, and at last eternally save the soul.

Upon this foundation you may build with confidence. The great and good have stood there firmly through all time, despite the sweeping of the flood and the roar of the tempest, and there the just made perfect will be found, when this fair earth shall be consumed, and yonder heavens rolled up as a scroll.

Young men of Ohio: you live at a period so full of incident, so deeply fraught with indications of stupendous changes, that no one can measure your obligations to the age. Our noble valley in all her richness and vastness, sustaining even now a population of more than six millions, with all her diversities of climate and production, is a prouder theatre for moral effort, than the history of man has ever presented.

The Arabian impostor, grasping the sword while he presented the Koran, desolated the fairest portion of the East, and established a bloody despotism over the

consciences of millions. The Goth, less fanatical but equally vengeful, poured his barbaric hordes over the beautiful plains of the South, crushing alike the monuments of intellect and art; but these wrathful visitations were only the apocalyptic trumpets, which broke the silence of spiritual death, in which the nominally christian world was sepulchred.

Your warfare is an errand of mercy, an offering of love to your race. How glorious then the work, how lofty the enthusiasm it inspires — the mighty power of mind controlled by the ethics of the Bible! Forget not then your personal identity: feel, and that too with honest pride, you are a part of the mass that is to be leavened; units in the immense moral aggregate to be improved.

O! remember, that the streams, gushing from yon mountain side, or springing up in the prairie, swell together the volume of the father of waters, and mingle at last in one common ocean.





